

The Crop Top by [look_turtles](#)

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Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Natalia Dyer

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Dacre

Montgomery/Joe Keery

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Summary:

Joe (as Steve) has to wear a crop top for season three and Dacre can't look away.

The Crop Top

Author's Note:

Written for the anythingdrabble prompt: positive

Dacre stared at Joe. That was nothing new, but what was new that Dacre was 100% positive that the costume department was trying to kill him. Why else would Steve's costume for season three consist of a crop top and tight shorts?

They were in the makeup trailer. Dacre had just had his fake tan sprayed on and the stench made his nose itch. Joe was sitting in the chair a few chairs away and was getting some fake blood on his face.

He licked his lips as a drop of fake blood slid down Joe's throat. He wanted nothing more than to chase the fake blood drop with his tongue, even though he knew that the stuff tasted awful. It would be worth it to taste Joe's skin.

They had filmed a few scenes together and Dacre had a hard time keeping his eyes off the strip of skin reveled by the crop top. Sometimes, he would fanisize about licking and kissing Joe's stomach.

'You're staring again,' Natalia said from her makeup chair next to Dacre.

'I have no idea what you're talking about,' Dacre said. He might have a crush on Joe, but that didn't mean he had to talk about it. Joe probably didn't feel the same way and he didn't want to screw up their friendship.

Natalia rolled her eyes. 'You know it won't kill you if you just talk to him.'

He thought about it and decided to channel his inner Billy. If Billy could call Steve pretty while they were naked in the shower, than Dacre could talk to Joe about feelings.

He got up and walked over to Joe.

'Hey, can we talk?' Dacre asked.

'Sure, I'm done here. What's up?' Joe stood up.

They walked outside together and Joe put his sunglasses on. For some reason, not being able to see Joe's big brown eyes made Dacre more confident.

'I really like Steve's crop top.'

'Really? I thought it looked silly, but that's what guys wore in the 80's.'

'Yeah. I really like your stomach. Can I kiss it?'

Even though Joe was wearing sunglasses, Dacre could still tell when his eyes went wide.

Joe grinned. 'You kiss all your friends?'

Dacre leaned in close and kissed Joe's lips. The fake blood on his lips was sickeningly sweet, but his lips were warm and rough.

Dacre deepened the kiss and Joe made a happy noise. Dacre licked Joe's lips and he opened his mouth. Their tongues brushed and they groaned into each other's mouth.

Dacre reached down and grabbed the sides of Joe bare stomach. The skin was soft and warm.

They broke the kiss and Joe rested his chin on Dacre's shoulder. His hair tickled Dacre's skin.

'Does this mean we can kiss more because kissing would be great.'

Dacre just grinned as he rubbed the sides of Joe's stomach. He was going to send the costume department a gift and he was going to get something special for Natalia.